MISSOURI.

I stood upon the beach one day,
The waves were breaking at my feet,
And, in their gentle, ceaseless play,
They made a murmur, soft and sweet.

I looked across the bay, and lo,
Forth issuing from the city's heart,
I saw 1 vessel proudly go
To seek a foreign, distant mart.

I watched her as she sailed along,
I marked the low, dark line of smoke,
Which told me that her engine strong
Was pushing onward, stroke by stroke.

I followed her with eagle eye, Until, at length, there seemed to be A blending of the sea and sky, Which hid her stately form from me.

And then I sat me down and thought Of all that vessel haply bore, The wealth, the jewels deftly wrought. The merchandise, the goodly store

Of all that men might need or crave
To give them comfort or delight;
But as I pondered on the wave And on the tempest in its might. And on that vessel all alone

Out there upon the boundless sea, Its fate to all, save God, unknown, Who only seeth what shall be,

I thought more of the human life Adrift upon that ocean wide, Exposed to all the wind's wild strife, and all the perils of the tide.

I thought of bosoms swelling high With buoyant hopes of days to come, Of travels beath a sunny sky,
Of glad arn to friends and home. I the all ir imen whose eager minds tent on gaining wealth; teking what one finds o'sorrely v

ty cents proof all that might have led when once lost, their health Don't fee who embarked to brave the flood; the chinth greater zest the coursing blood. tri-Thus saw a lonely bark

quica betwe he ocean wild and dark. The first offer up a prayer
The first offer up a prayer
That first offer up a prayer
That first offer up a prayer
That first offer up a prayer
And all Jehovah's power to save,

Would guard those who that night had past Outfrom my sight, that by His arm, They might be shielded from the blast,

And kept from every breath of harm Agair I stand upon the shore, Shore of a widely different sea; And low I hear the billows roar, The billows of Eternity.

I see ict one, but many a bark Outoler the ocean gently glide; Out oer the ocean wild and dark, To rave the perils of its tide.

Form who on that ocean roam.

That ied may be their Gulde, their Friend,
And fring them to Himself at home.

-C. A. Fulton, in National Baptist.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Why a Young Man Was Presented

Agyle Meriweather had two lovers. On was an old familiar friend, no other the her first cousin, Sam Meriweather. wb had been-although a few years her saior-her playmate, and for a time hr school-fellow, always ready to tease hr himself, but quite as ready to come t her aid if anybody else did. He semed to look upon her in the light of

possession, which he had a right to have his own way with, but was equally bound to protect. So it was with great surprise that as they grew older and Argyle bloomed suddenly into a lovely girl of sixteen, with hair of genuine gold and eyes of bewitching gray, she found, after a slight contest with Sam in which she had expected of course to have to give up as before, that Sam was very willing to succumb completely to her will, feeling himself amply rewarded if she smiled upon him or praised him. As soon as she began to realize this unexpected change of affairs-being like most girls of her age a little tyrant-she seized the reins and kept them-not always out of sight. Her second surprise was to find that there were some things which even she could not make Sam do-for which. with true feminine inconsistency, she liked him twice as well as for the many things in which he yielded to her.

When Sam declared himself her lover, she feigned a pretty astonishment, and said "No" positively, but would have relented-so grievously did she miss him during the two weeks that Sam staid away, had not-unfortunately for Sam-her second lover appeared on the scene and engrossed all her leisure time and attention. This was a stranger, an officer in the army, and his name was Clarence Dupont, from Thibodeaux Parish. La. He came to the neighborhood on a furlough obtained by a slight wound in his arm, and brought a letter of introduction to her father from his uncle. an old friend and classmate of Mr. Meriweather's. After his first call, he came frequently, for he was staying with friends who lived at the distance of a few miles only, and the ride and talk with his pretty young hostess was an agreeable enough divertisement for a summer day. He began, of course, by making love, as a courtesy due to the sex, but soon fell head over ears in love, after his ardent Southern fashion, and conducted his wooing after a style very different from poor Sam's slow and He was very jealous, and in complete despair, or very ecstatic, and on the point of Innouncing a betrothal to all his acquaintances; and Argyle, who had never given a serious thought to marrying this new admirer, found it equally hard to restrain his hopes and his fears. When at last he would have a final decision, and received a negative one, he took his departure in the depths of gloom, bringing tears of self-reproach to Argyle beautiful eyes and filling her tender heart with alarm by threats of suicide, and hints of a speedy death on the bloody battle-field.

Argyle was very young, and she was much troubled about it, and wished that Sam had not been so foolish himself-it would have been such a comfort to have him reason and laugh her out of her fears, or even scold her for her selfishness in amusing herself at the expense of another's pain.

"I will never be so wicked again," signed Argyle, and she went off to get her father's shirts to mend-the mend ing had been accumulating during the last few weeks-as a proof of her genuine and profound repentance. repairing everything she could lav her hands on, for the next fortnight, and I regret to own that she found it uncommonly dull, and there were moments when she would have relapsed into former iniquities had not both her lovers been safely out of her reach, and a long

rainy spell kept others from calling. At last there came bright, beautiful weather in the early autumn. Mr. Meriweather was reading his morning paper. This was always a lengthy occupation, consisting of an absorbed perusal of the

editorial columns, a business-like investigation of extracts from other papers, and letters of correspondents, and at the last a by no means indifferent review of the advertisements.

Argyle, who had presided at the head of his table ever since she had been left a motherless child of ten years old, and poured out his coffee for him, watched his proceedings this morning with an interest quite new in her pretty ladyship. Usually she professed a supreme indifference to the newspapers and their contents, and if she did not receive an azure or rosetinted missive of daintiest size from one of her own correspondents-which was a rare occurrence—as she was herself incorrigibly lazy about answering her letters, her occupations, after finishing her own breakfast, consisted in feeding the two brown setters, Dash and Dare, and gathering flowers to arrange in the sitting-room. It was a very lax household in its ways, but Argyle, to do her justice, was fond of early rising, and enjoyed the fresh cool air of dawn, and the run in the garden for the fruits for the breakfast, which was the meal her father preferred above all others, while the dew was still fresh upon them. She had generally aired and dusted both rooms; superintended the making of the coffee and the preparation of some appetizing little side dish, Mr. Meri-

weather being decidedly an epicure, and had eaten her own simpler meal before her father appeared. He was the most absent-minded and unobservant of men, but this morning even his attention seemed to be awakened by Argyle's remaining at the table. and by her rather uneasy glance toward his paper. He pushed up his gold spectacles and looked at her with an amused

"Well, Argyle, are you expecting any pecial news from the papers to-day? "Ye-es-no, papa, no news specially to-day," she answered, hesitating and blushing a little under her father's

amused scrutiny. "Perhaps you would like to hear the results of the last English elections?" in sarcastic tone.

"No, thank you, papa." "Or the present value of gold on Wall

street?" "Oh, no, papa, indeed, I would much rather not," with an expression of such unfeigned horror that Mr. Meriweather, with an amused laugh, turned again to the last paragraph of an editorial column. As he turned over the page, he uttered an exclamation. "Argyle!" he said, in a brisker tone than usual, as he looked up from the sheet, "by the way, I have found an item that may interest

"What is it, papa?" quickly. "Some news about one of your acquaintances," laying down the paper, that young officer from Louisiana-Du -Du-I forget his name. I found him very dull company, but I remember you seemed to think him rather entertain-

ing." Dupont was his name, papa, swered Argyle-after nervously intent upon pulling out the fringe of her red fruit napkin. "But isn't his name mentioned in the paper? Didn't you say

there was an item about him?" "Yes, of course," replied the old gendeman, in a somewhat guilty tone, as he searched the columns of his open page diligently. "I am afraid I am a little absented-minded, Argyle-that is, about trifles. Yes, my dear, you are right, of course, his name must have

been mentioned.' Argyle waited with ill-concealed impatience while her father slowly and deiberately read aloud the heading of each separate paragraph: "Letter From Alemarle County,' 'Account of Grand Military Review in Richmond, 'Discoverv'-no, that's not it. 'Murder or Suicide of a Stranger.

"Oh, papa, that is too horrible!" exclaimed the young girl, the tears rising to her eyes and her cheeks growing suc dealy pale. "He was so gay and full of spirits-I can not bear to think of such a fate"-and her tears began to fall

"Why, my love, what's the matter?" ejaculated her father, looking up in astonishment. "Or were you only jesting about his sad fate? There is nothing here about Dupont except a description of his wedding, and, by the way, it seems to have been a very brilliant and

fashionable affair. "His wedding!" repeated Argyle, in a tone of inexpressible surprise, and then as the truth slowly dawned on her in all its ludicrousness-for having failed to receive one of Captain Dupont's ardent and gloomy epistles for the last three weeks, she had been haunted by fears for his safety-she broke into a silvery

"Dear papa, how you did alarm me! ou read the 'Suicide of a stranger' so impressively-as if that were the very item you were looking for. And so Captain Dupont is really married!" laughing again with such an abandon of mirth and amusement that her father, bewildered by her rapid transition from tears to gaity, remarked rather crossly:

peal of laughter.

"My love, you seem to find the young man's marriage very comical; now, I can not assert that I was very intimately acquainted with him-he always appeared to be rather diffident about conversing with me-but from even my slight acquaintance I should judge he was just the kind of young man to take a foolish interest in such things.

"Oh, papa, papa!" exclaimed Argyle, leaning back in her chair, and aughing again, "you may be very learned and wise about English politics and German literature-but you don't know the least bit about what is going on under your very eyes! Yes, papa, think he was rather foolish about such things, and his marriage wouldn't have surprised me at all-except that I was expecting to hear something else-quite

"It is precisely what I would have exected," remarked her father, severely, for he did not enjoy being laughed at; and Argyle, catching a glimpse of the cook's resignd air, as she waited at the half-open door for orders about dinner, caught up her tiny key-basket with a not unmusical little jingle of its keys, and left the table, dropping a light kiss on her father's forehead as she passed

But though Argyle's mind was relieved in regard to Captain Dupont, another much more serious trouble arose in its place. Her father owed a great deal of money, and had mortgaged the homestead heavily. The interest on this mortgage had not been paid for several years, and Mr. Meriweather sank persevered in her course of amendment, as illustrated by attention to darning and from his creditor—now beginning to you any less, but I won't worry you, and in three or four colleges in the counthreaten a foreclosure-arrived. made him more fretful for several days, and gave a bitter flavor to his remarks about some of his more prosperous relaabout some of his more prosperous relatives, but it did not occur to him that he tives, but it did not occur to him that he "Well, Sam, if you really won't ask ing left homeless and penniless. Nor did it occur to Argyle either, though she thought of many plans for herself

take anything which would necessitate her going away from her father, and leaving him without any one to attend to the little things on which his daily comfort so largely depended. Summer with its long joyous days seemed to have been left a great distance behind, as the weeks went on bringing short dark days of colder weather, and she tried to economize in their fuel and food and clothing, and to devise something she could sell instead of having the row of purchases grow longer

and longer every week. Of course she made little headway. Her experience was very small, and Aunt Dilsey, the cook, like most negroes, had an invincible dislike to economy, and could not understand there was any real need for it with "her ole marster's folks." "Jes' one dat chile's whims!" she grumbled to herself -for though she was perfectly devoted to Argyle, she could never realize that she had grown beyond childhood.

So Argyle's efforts were generally baffled by: "Now, honey, yo' know dere ain't nebber been any anti-moisture 'twixt yo' folks an' dere neighbors. an' we'se got to receive dem all with 'coming hostility. Needn't talk to me, chile, 'bout indignant circumstances! Yo' is young, an' yo' mus'n't sturb yo'self, Lef it all to Dilsey—she'll 'vide yo' wid a dinner dat old marster kin eat-vo' see now!"

But Aunt Dilsey, willing as her heart was, and broad as were her shoulders, made a very ineffectual dyke against the threatening flood.

"It is all over," said Mr. Meriweather, feebly, as he came in from the Postoffice the last evening of December, and drawing his chair close to the small fire, tried to warm his cold hands. "Argyle, my poor child, we will have to leave our home next month." "Papa!" cried Argyle-she had ex-

pected the blow a long time, yet it seemed to her when it actually came, as if it had been a surprise. After what seemed to her an endless interval, she asked, doubtfully: "Papa, where are we going then?"

"I don't know," he replied, with a mixture of resentment and fretful perplexity in his tone, which at once brought Argyle to his side to caress, and comfort him with vague words of hope and cheer that sounded woefully hollow to her own sinking heart.

"It is very strange," at last observed her father, querulously, "that it has been five months since your cousin Sam has entered the house. He used to be a frequent visitor-in and out of the house like my own son-but now I suppose he is like other fair-weather friends and fears being called upon to help us in ad-

"Oh, no, papa, I don't think that would keep Sam away. Besides, you know, he is with his regiment, and may not have been able to get leave of ab-

"He has been at home for the Christmas holidays," replied her father, short-"Tom Chadwick met him the day he arrived a week ago.'

Argyle did not reply. "Has he written you one line?" asked "No." answered Argyle, feebly, "but I don't believe Sam has forgotten"-she

"Come in." called Mr. Meriweather. and Argyle stole a little farther back into the shadow of the door, intending to make her escape unnoticed. She had burned the front breadth of her alpaca and tern the sleeve, in her efforts to restrain Ann Dilsey's culinary extravagance, and her hair had tumbled down

was interrupted by a brisk knock at the

in a confusion of curls from its coil. Sam's cheery voice replied, and the familiar comfort of the sound brought a throb of delight to Argyle's heart.

"Are you all by yourself, Uncle James? I have been trying hard to get a bit of business done, in order that I might get here in time to wish you a Happy New Year, and give you some proof I had remembered you. You must let me have the pleasure of it in my own way, unhe said affectionately. Then he poked the embers into a bright blaze, and added eagerly: "Where is Argyle?" "Why, she was here only a few minutes ago," said her father, looking

around uncertainly. "Well, never mind," said Sam, but his voice sounded so disappointed that Argyle would have stepped forwardburnt breadth, scent and all-if he had not added: "The fact is, I came here

specially to see you to-night. "I am glad you remembered us," said his uncle, a little stiffly. "It has been a very painful year to us, and few of our friends have tried to make it brighter. Of course you know we shall have to

leave our old home next month?" "No, you will not, uncle," replied Sam, handing over a bundle of papers. "There's your bond, which I secured myself by purchase from your auditorand you won't mind, uncle, that I have secured the old place in Argyle's name instead of yours? I thought it would prevent it from being sold any more and would be best for both," and he paused a little anxiously, to see how his uncle

would regard this arrangement. "My dear boy," his uncle began, his old pompous manner, but quickly broke down into natural tears of relief and gratitude, "This is more than I deserved-I have been a very selfish old other people's troubles-of my daughter-and I have misjudged my friends and thought them selfish. Sam, this will be a lesson to me in human goodness," and he grasped the young man's hand warmly

"Oh, uncle," said Sam, overwhelmed, "I am so glad you like it," and in his haste to escape from his uncle's thanks and praise, he bade him good-night most incoherently, and precipitately re-

But he was mistaken in thinking the way was clear, for a little figure stole after him, and a very low but a very sweet voice said: "Sam," arresting his at the least sign of danger.—Southern flight abruptly on the steps, and then Argyle's hand stole into his.
"You thought you could steal away

without my saying a word? Oh, you naughty boy!" said Argyle, reproach-"Argyle-I didn't want you to know. I was afraid you might think I was going to trouble you again," and he broke down rather incoherently a second time, not being endowed with so great a tal-

ent for words as for deeds. "But you won't?" asked Argyle, very sweetly, her hand still in his. "No; I wouldn't take such an advantment breaking the very promise he was

me for a gift for the New Year, I shall

a new life, together, through shadow and sun, and "all the changes and chances" of this mortal life. -Ella F. Mosby, in Springfield Republican.

FALLING STARS.

Recollections of a Wonderful Night in the Year 1833.

I have read many descriptions of what was called the falling stars or meteoric shower of 1833. I do not call myself old, yet I was five years of age when the event alluded to occurred, and witnessed it as I remember without fear. The impress is still fresh on my mind. though I have never read a description that agrees with what I saw, except when spoken of as sublimely grand will try to describe it as seen by me in Beaufort District, South Carolina one hundred and fifty miles up the Savannah River, and about six miles from Matthew's Bluff. At the residence of my aunt, at some hour before day (the date I do not remember), Uncle Fred came to my bed, took me in his arms to the front piazza, where he stood me on my feet to witness the rain of apparent liquid fire. I had no fear, for he was with me, and I had no appreciation of the terror it might have for those who dreaded the judgment. It was a rain of fire, not stars. The

stars, or sparks, only occurred at the end of the lines of fire. Imagine a rain of molten iron striking the earth, each drop bursting into sparks. Nothing else will compare. I could not describe it, if experience with foundry and smith's shops had not afforded the comparison. The fire fell in streams like the heaviest fire rain I ever witnessed, and swaved to and fro, just as the water is by the motion of the clouds or wind. The only stars I saw were just such as one sees when molten iron is running into or from the ladle, or when iron with a welding heat is withdrawn from the forge, or such as seen when the liquid metal drops upon earth, or such as seen in the wake of an exploded rocket. The strangest feature to me was no such sparks or stars appeared except at the end of the line of fire rain, which stopped about five feet from the earth, as near as I can judge. The piazza had three steps from the ground. It could not have been more than three feet high, and the line of fire rain burst into sparks on a level with my eyes. None that I saw struck the earth, but after sparkling on this line disappeared, to be succeeded by others in quick succession. I recollect distinctly observing the scene around the yard, and the road led di-

rectly from the gate, and wondering why none of the fire or sparks reached the earth. It was not as light as day, but a lurid light greater than I have ever seen since. Objects were perfectly dis-cernable, though not so well as by daylight. I heard of many persons being terrified but saw none. I do not recollect seeing anything above the line of as the tops of trees and my vis houses. The fire rain was too thick to see through. After staying as long as was deemed prudent in my night clothes my uncle returned me to bed. How long

it was before daylight I do not know. do know I slept until called to breakfast. I met an old gentleman some years ago who was in camp on the Texas prairies, who witnessed the meteoric shower or falling stars and whose account tallied more nearly with mine than any I have ever read or heard. He did not have my experience with molten

metal, but when he heard my comparisons with the sparks from a smith's forge heartily indorsed me. - Cor.

Blackshear (Ga.) Georgian. SOUTHERN TEXAS,

A Glance at the Wilderness in a New The progress of civilization has sadly reduced the Robin Hood romance of the good old times when every wood was a hunting ground; but the Ruskinites who go into mourning at the completion of every railroad might dry their tears in Texas. Culture can progress under full steam for a good many years before it will despoil such Arcadias as the chaparrel country between the sources of the Colorado and the mouth of the Rio Grande -the park like uplands, where the children of a million settlers would find as much play room as a car load of kids in the bluegrass countries. Soldiers who have visited the battle grounds of the wilderness may remember how strangely foot trails lose themselves in the jungle like pine thickets screening the roads at every turn and hiding the hunter's dog from the hunter; and in the same way the lines of the International Railroad cross the wilderness of Southern Texas. Half a mile from the track may find sleepy hollows seem never to waked by the scream of the iron horse; hill pastures, where the antelope browses as quietly as on the highlands of the Sierra Madre, even while the rocks echo the thunder of a train rushing by on its way to the distant station. And in the hills of the uplands there are rocks that have never heard that echo. Between the San Saba and Fort Davis, an area exceeding that of all Tennessee has never grieved the souls of its teamsters by a railroad survey. The northern part of this reservation contains one man. I have not thought enough of of the remaining buffalo pastures on this side of the Rocky Mountains. A few miles northeast of Fort Concho the old military road to New Mexico crosses the mesquite plain, and teamsters who travel that road in winter time are pretsure to sight buffalos. Not in herds the bison legions of the North American prairies are vanished forever; but troops of ten or twelve are still occasionally seen in the upland valleys, especially after hard frosts. In spring these survivors of better times take refuge in the dreary border of the staked plains, where they separate pair wise for greater security, and retreat further hillward

Elective Education.

Bivouac.

Prof. Adams, in his address on the occasion of his inauguration as President of Cornell University, discussed the important question of elective education. He declared the history of education shows that the highest results have been attained under those systems that have given the greatest liberty of choice. He said that, though the introduction of elective works, "we are making for the you any less, but I won't worry you, dear. You must not be afraid of my ever speaking of my love again," and in three or four colleges in the country the conditions of the highest success have at last been attained." It was his poor Sam forgot that he was at that mo- opinion, however, that the end of the second college year was the time when elective work could safely begin. This shows President Adams to belong to the conservative wing of the educational rehave to give it without the asking. Will you take it?" shyly.

Sam was not too blind to see the meaning, and as the sweet face hid itself against his shoulder. A really have to give it without the asking. Will formers. Some maintain that the student should be given the privilege of choice immediately on entering college. President Adams recommendation gives of taking in sewing, of trying to get a few scholars among her neighbors' children—only feeling that it would be quite impossible to do or under. Sam was not too blind to see the meaning, and as the sweet face hid itself against his shoulder, Argyle herself the student time to ascertain what was taken as a gift for a New Year, and choice is best,—Current.

THE NATION'S WARDS.

ecretary Lamar Shows That the Red Man Can Not Charge upon the Country a "Century of Dishonor"—His Plans.

Secretary Lamar estimates that the Indian service has cost the Government an average of \$3,870,629 per year from the year 1832 to the present time. It now costs \$6,000,000 per annum. All the expenditure of money, effort and organization is for the control, protection and management of a population of 260,000 men, women and children. He says:

"Whatever may be said about the injustice and cruelty with which the Indians have been treated in the past, characterized by some as a "century of dishonor." the Government is now. as all must admit, putting itself to great trouble and expense for a very small and inutile population. The question arises: What is the purpose sought to be accomplished? Is it to protect this country against the Indian as a menace to the security and peace of our people. Nothing could be more absurb. The Indian race is no longer a source of danger to the peace or se curity of this great Republic. Most of the reservations are encircled by powerful communities, and those upon the frontier are completely in the hands of our military forces. Nor is the Indian any longer an obstacle to our National progress or to our material development. So far as the interests of our cant when advertising their own exown people are concerned, apart from the needs of the Indian population, the Indian problem could be easily solved by simply withdrawing all Government supervision over these people and conferring upon them the rights of American citizenship. Those who would not pass away would be soon absorbed into American society. After incorporating into our body politic four millions of blacks in a state of slavery and invest ing them with citizenship and suffrage we need not strain at the gnat of 260, 000 Indians. It would only be an additional morsel, and a very small one. Such a course, however, would be more cruel and destructive to the Indian in the helpless condition to which the extension of settlements will soon reduce

him than a war of extermination. "It is not, therefore, to protect the peace of the country, or the security of its frontiers from the danger of Indian war, or on account of their hindrance to our material progress, that all these efforts and expenditures are made in their behalf. It is because this Government is bound by duty, humanity, religion, good faith and National honor to protect, at whatever of expense or sacrifice, these original possessors of the soil from the destruction with which they are threatened by the very agencies that make our prosperity and greatness. The sense of this obligation was profoundly felt by the founders of our Republic. They not only recognized it as the rule of their own conduct, but they wrote it down in their statutes and ordinances for the guidance of their posterity. The ordinance of 1787 (article 3) contains the follow

ing language: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of ness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged. The utmost good faith shall always be observed toward the Indians; their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property rights and liberty they never shall be invaded or disturbed unless in just and lawful wars authorized by Congress; but laws founded in justice and humanity shall from time to time be made for properting wrongs being done to them and preventing wrongs being done to them and for preserving peace and friendship with

"The principles embodied in these

noble utterances constitute the fundamental principles of a genuine Indian policy. Assuming, then, that the civilization, the moral, intellectual, social and industrial elevation of the Indian to fit him to take part in the civilization of the country and the age, is the common object of all, the question arises: What means should be adopted to accomplish this? I have not been long enough in this office to become so thoroughly acquainted with the characteristics, customs, habits and wants of the Indians as to feel myself competent to propose any general plan or policy which in all respects will be adapted to the conditions of the present and adequate to the probable exigencies of the future. There are, however, some measures which I think are necessary to lay a solid foundation for Indian civilization, and to avert the demoralization and destruction of these people, which the environment of the white race now threatens. I recom mend that a portion of every reservation be divided up into separate tracts of suitable size for farms, to be allotted to each individual as his sole and separate estate. Provision should be made against the power (until after a time limited) of selling or mortgaging the same, or even leasing it to any but Indians living within the same reservation. Without legislation of this kind all efforts to make the Indian support himself by his own labor will prove fruitless and unavailing. To overcome his natural aversion to labor there must be the incentive given alone by a sure guarantee that the fruits of his labor shall be enjoyed in security. No man will clear forests, inclose fields and cultivate them, and rear houses and barns when at any moment he may be removed and carried off against his will to some distant and unknown region. The ownership of land, freeholding, tends to inspire individual independence, pride of character, personal industry and the development of the domestic virtues. Provision should be made that the Indian accepting a patent for his land shall not thereby forfeit any of his rights as a member of his tribe, nor the protection and benefit which the laws of the United States extend to the Indians generally. "I favor the policy recommended by

my predecessor in this office, Secretary Kirkwood, of reducing to proper size the existing reservations, when entirely out of proportion to the number of Indians thereon, with the consent of the Indians, and upon just and fair terms; and second, of placing by patent the titles to these diminished reservations as fully under the protection of the courts as are titles to all others of our people to their lands. The surplus portion cut off should be subject to sale and the proceeds invested for the benefit of the Indians. The execution of it should be cautious and tentative. My recommendation that only a portion of each reservation be divided into separate tracts, as stated above, is based upon the conviction that we must lead the Indians into holding lands in sev- | clusion eralty by ripening their right of occupancy under their communal system into a fee-simple by a gradual process, and not by the sudden abolition of a system which is to them a religion as

well as a law of property. "Those who urge the speedy break-ing up of tribal relations, the obliteration of the reservation system, and the localization of individuals upon separate allotments of land as a general policy, overlook the important fact that the Indian race is not a homogeneous race. ner. T It consists of numerous widely separ. year.—

ated tribes, speaking different languages and varying greatly in cus-toms, habits and conditions, from the

enlightened commonwealths of the Five Nations to the wild, fierce, roving bands who eke out by plunder the scanty subsistence they derive from the chase and Government rations. Any general policy adapted to the advancement of one tribe would be disastrous

and destructive to another. "In the meantime, until the Indian is ready by educational development to take his place among the people of the country, the reservation system is his only protection, and whatever may be said of the tribal relation, which it is thought to be so desirable to dissolve. it is in their uncivilized state the normal condition of Indian society. It is not only deeply imprinted in his mind as the polity of his race, but it is his constitutional status in this country. The Constitution of the United States recognizes the Indian in his tribal relations, and in its delegation of powers to Congress it declares that it shall regulate commerce among foreign nations and the 'Indian tribes.' "

POLITICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

How They Are Necessary to Keep Alive

"Eternal Vigilance, the Price of Lib-Some pretentious doctrinaires and professional reformers of our time indulge in a lot of silly and mischievous alted perfections and their contempt for political parties and partisans. In their estimation a political party is something to be shunned and denounced-a confederacy of rogues and spoilsmen, of obnoxious bosses and henchmen. An earnest, sturdy, consistent partisan they look upon as a person dominated by prejudice and passion rather than by reason and cool reflection. These are the theorists and idealists who contend that a President or Governor should utterly disregard the wishes and suggestions of his own party, and who clamor for the appointment of "non-partisans" to all the offices. More noisy than numerous, these oracles try to create the impression that permanent parties are evils to be uprooted and that zealous party service should earn distrust instead of recognition or reward.

Chatter of that sort is fatuous and would be pernicious if it gained any large number of converts among the rising generation. Political parties are the best and safest instrumentality yet devised by human ingenuity or effort for the maintenance and administration of free institutions. They are not the creations of chance or caprice. They embody definite principles, aims and tendencies. They are the medium through which the deliberate judgment of the people is ascertained and executed. If the party entrusted with power betrays its trust or shows itself incapable, the opposing party stands ready to assume its tasks and functions. In either case the party is the people. The officials elected or appointed, from President or Governor down to constable or pound-master, are the servants of the people and are pledged to carry out fairly and honorably the policy outlined by their party. These are wholesome truths, and any material departure from them in practice is certain to be productive of bad results. When a party advocates obnoxious principles or nominates unworthy men, those w are dissatisfied with its action 1 simple and effective alternation ing it and reforming it fro of rebuking and chaste

operating with the opp While a President should be the impai of the law for the w his jurisdiction, th not apply that lines in sel ordinates. progressive g ment by partilines laid down The advantage of t fixes responsibility an stant vigilance. Ind duty as a citizen is too of which the effusiv boasts as a conspicuous out parties and partisans ment would become a instead of a fructifying on Graphic.

THE PRESIDENT'S

State Paper Which is Enthusiastic Comments fro No President has ever country a more polishe or one more finished rh is a model of good English statement. * * * Those who object

great deal said in the remember that there w to say .- St. Louis Repub The pervading spirit Cleveland's first message is that of downright ho brought within its scope great topics of nation tion, and handled each ness of statement and ju dation too seldom found papers. There is not gingerly in the mann subject is treated th the various recomme felt called on to ma the message there is tion of the relation utive and legislati Government to preciation of th owes to the per

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News.

PITH AND POINT.

-The young man who assisted a Chicago girl to her feet has not asked for her hand .- Louisville Courier-Jour-

-If a good circus could be seen for five cents some boys would want to crawl under the canvas; they were born that way .- N. O. Picayune.

—A fashion item says the very newest thing in hair-dressing is the bang. The "bang!" is the oldest thing in pistols that are not loaded.—Norristown Herald. -The wages of sin being death, we can't understand why a lot of people we know don't get paid off at once and have their services stopped.—Blooming-

-The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother or for one's sweetheart.

—The girl of the period now carries her hands in her overcoat pocket just like a man—partly because it's English, and partly, doubtless, because there are holes in her gloves. - Lowell Citizen. -"Can dogs find their way home

from a distance?" is a question frequently asked. It's according to the dog. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner.—Où City Derrick. -A hygienic journal recommends

sweeping, if properly done, as one of the very best kinds of exercises for women. Now, if some genius will invent a species of tennis that may be played with brooms, he will be a benefactor of society. - N. Y. Graphic. -"Some idiot has put that pen where

I can't find it!" growled old Asperity the other day, as he rooted about the desk. "Ah, um, yes! I thought so," he continued in a lower key, as he hauled the article from behind his ear.—N. Y. Independent -A man, claiming to be a scientist,

wants some one to bore the earth to prevent its bursting. We have a friend who we think would be able to do it. Up to this time he has devoted all his boring energies to us, and we would be glad to see him try it on the rest of the earth. - Chicago Mail.

-A New London boy, with milk pitcher in hand, fell headlong down the back stairs. He had regained his feet and was brushing the dirt from his clothes when his mother appeared at the head of the stairs and asked: "Did you break the pitcher?" "No, I didn't; but I will," was the quick response. he did. - Hartford Times.

-Brown to Smith, who has been an invalid for years: "Hulloa, Smith! How are you nowadays? Has Dr. Dubbledose helped you any?" Smith—"A little, perhaps, but not nearly so much as I have helped him. You should see the new house he has just built! Nothing like it in town—elegant, perfectly elegant!"—Boston Post.

-Husband-The census-taker the family, and I was him yours. He sa man my age